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THE MOUNTAINEER.

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EDMUND BURKE AS AN ORATOR.

GLANCING over the different chapters of Ireland's History, strange indeed, is the prospect disclosed to us. She has been for ages one of the most persecuted nations on the face of the earth, and yet she has given birth to men who stand among the first in the front ranks of fame. She has been beggared, insulted, cursed, trampled in the dust, and yet she has produced a poet, the first of his age in his own peculiar walks—a host of orators, most of them great, and three: Burke, Grattan and O'Connell, among the greatest in a period fruitful, beyond all example, in eloquent men—a statesman, the last of these who, without shedding a single drop of blood, has successfully guided his countrymen through one of the most protracted and arduous struggle that a people have ever engaged in—a warrior "the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth." Scarcely has the winter of her sorrows begun to pass away when a harvest of genius springs up rich and teeming as that which covers her green fields. Many years must yet come before her condition can be so far improved as leave her patriotic children nothing more to wish for than the continuance of the blessings they will have won; but for an increase of renown in the works of genius, she need not look in the future for anything to outshine the past. The mind and name of O'Connell will live forever to instruct, to animate and to guide; the sweet verses of Moore will never be unremembered or unsung; and Edmund Burke will ever remain the private tutor of public teachers, the *vade mecum* of orators and politicians.

Bacon's grand testamentary vindication of his life, "bequeathing his name and memory to foreign nations and to his own countrymen after some time has passed over," might have been written, with even greater justice of himself, by the master-mind of the eighteenth century, in the domain of political philosophy Edmund Burke, the illustrious orator and statesman. Now, that time has "passed over," and Burke has gained the place in our literature which his genius merits. I do not mean to say that Burke's powers were not recognized in his own time. Far from it. His genius, like Bacon's, was too refulgent not to be acknowledged even in his own day. But the burning questions upon a discussion and solution of which he has built up a lasting fame, lighted up passions too gigantic and furious, in the tremendous conflict then inaugurated, to allow of contemporary justice being done to his labors; nor did the nugatory influence end with his death.

Burke, as is well known, had to contend during his life not only against the tory prejudices of the country party, but also against the ill concealed jealousy of his nominal allies, the Whig aristocracy This influence of cast which during his life placed over his head his political pupil Charles Fox, as the representative of the Whig compacts, has been succeeded, since his death, by a more acrimonious spirit of personal jealousy in defence of the fame of his younger rival. The partisans of Fox have never been able to forgive Burke's renunciation of his alliance with the eloquent Whig leader; and so ceaseless and indefatigable have been their attempts to elevate this "great man" that the acknowledgement of Burke's profound and prophetic genius has been unduly circumscribed.

The efforts of Fox's partisans to elevate their idol, at the expense of Burke had, however, but small effect in limiting the measure of the latter's fame compared with the hostile spirit of revolution animating current periodical literature of England and America If the apostles of the Revolution, who steal Burke's thunder without acknowledgement when it suits their purpose against the despotism of power, could buy his protest against that worse despotism of unchained human passions which is their ideal of liberty, they would gladly place him in their pantheon. But the mind of the great politician and philosopher was too grandly comprehensive to be narrowed within the grooves of that fashionable "liberalism" which covers even the basest tyranny, if directed against the Catholic Church. His humanity was too broad and too true not to be aroused into flaming denunciation of the abuse of power, whether it assumed the shape of "opulent oppression" in India, or democratic priest-slaughter in France. Hence it is that Burke holds but half allegiance of the Liberal party; that his fame, so far as they have been able to affect it, has been obtruncated; and that his magnificent vindication of the cause of liberty, bounded by no limitation of race, government or creed, are circumscribed in their minds by his anti-revolutionary labors.

It is not, however, in the power of these liberalists to narrow or permanently diminish Burke's kingdom over human thought. His fame will not be dependent upon the fashion of this or any other single age. The consensus of humanity has crowned him among the immortals. His name and works will ever endure as monuments of English civilization. His place is with Demosthenes and Cicero, and in the estimation of more remote posterity he will probably outshine them both.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin in 1730 When scarcely fourteen he entered Trinity College. His undergraduate course was not unmarked by the ordinary distinctions of successful application; but it would appear that he mainly devoted himself to his favorite studies of poetry, history, oratory and metaphysics. While yet at the university Burke achieved a reputation for literary talent and eloquence. In the minutes of the students club, a society formed by Burke himself, we find the records of his first attempts in oratory. While in this we do not discover those manifestations of consummate skill and condition which he displays in the production of his matured powers, still in them we find exhibited much of that marvellous comprehensiveness which characterizes his parliamentary speeches. We easily perceive that they are the work of the same great genius at different stages of development. They only differ in this that the former are the products of the inexperience and the "audacity of youth," while the latter of matured and fully developed powers.

The literary qualities of Burke are above all praise. Though we are told that he wrote rapidly, not a line dropped from his pen but what bore the striking impress of his powerful mind; and, in truth, he can hardly be said to have written a single page without communicating to the most enlightened reader something new, either in thought or illustration. Wisdom and eloquence, which others attain with labor, were in him the habitual and ordinary march of his ideas. Whence his style constantly exhibits such a superabundance of argument and imagery that while our attention is pursuing the track of his reasoning, we are in danger of losing ourselves amidst the various beauties which it is enforced and embellished.

Burke excelled in all kinds of prose composition. But, as it is the purpose of the present essay to speak merely of his oratory, we will consider his genius only in so far as it is displayed in his speeches, those matchless and inimitable pieces of eloquence, in which

> "Thoughts on thoughts a countless throng
> Push chasing countless thoughts along"

Although, as I have already shown, Burke early gave evidence of his great debating and declaiming powers, still, unlike the other great orators of his age, he did not enter parliament in his youth, but at thirty-five, having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters acquainted with law, history, philosophy, literature—master of a universal erudition. But having once entered parliament he continued to pour forth political pamphlets and speeches with that indefatigability and true genius which caused De Quincy to call him "the supreme writer of his century.

The profusion of figurative language is the first characteristic of Burke's speeches which strikes the reader, and consequently

which his critics have never failed to notice. It would appear that he possessed the faculty of association as well as the faculty of perception; he sees no object singly or nakedly; no idea ever crosses his mind that is not followed by one like itself, as star follows star, each flashing light. Similies and metaphors come at his bidding, as spirits rise at the enchanter's voice, as though he ruled the world of fancy in which others are but ministers or sojourners. This has been ascribed to him as a fault, and no doubt—as there must be faults somewhere—in this he has sometimes, let it be granted, frequently transgressed. Great endowments often lead to petty imperfections, great bravery is often reckless, great generosity often extravagant, great prudence often misses fine opportunities. Home is simple and natural, therefore he sometimes proses and spins out; Virgil is polished, and therefore he is sometimes pedantic; Burke holds unbounded sway over the regions of fancy, and like other monarchs, he is sometimes overbounteous in bestowing his gifts.

The chief fault which mars the beauty of Burke's oratory is a lack of good taste. His language was often so low that his own friends and supporters turned from him in disguest. His imagination and his passions once excited hurried him beyond all bounds of justice and good sense. His reason, powerful as it was, was time and again reduced to be the slave of feelings which it shall have controlled. The comparison of an adversary to a whale, of one of the Republican rulers to a cannibal in his den "snorting away the fumes of indigestion," of another to a retailer of dresses, are examples of the mildest of the many disgusting images which are continually springing up to alloy the otherwise unadulterated pleasure of the admiring reader. Many of his passages are outrageously gross. In the speech on the Habob of Arcot's Debts he says: "The vital powers, wasted in an unequal struggle, are pushed back upon themselves and fester to gangreen, to death, and instead of what was just now the delight of creation there will be cast out in the face of the sun a bloated, putrid, noisome carcass, full of stench and poison, an offence, a horror, a lesson to the world." This is by no means the worst example I could cite. Nearly all his works abound in such passages, and this one is merely selected at random. It fairly well illustrates the depth of his unparalleled coarseness. This grossness, however, can be forgiven when we consider that his trespasses are only the outpourings of a great heart and deep mind too open and too full. Minto says: "These occasional infractions of taste, gross though they be, must not be allowed to detract from his just fame as the supreme of his century." Taste is certainly not the special virtue of English literature; there is none of our great masters of prose that does not offend in some particular. Burke was far from being prone "to revolve ideas from which other minds shrink with disgust, at least in cold blood; only when excited he could not find images too disgusting to express his aversion."

Burke's unlimited resources have been the subject of endless admiration. He possessed a comprehensive intellect, which seized the general aspect of things, and beneath text constitutions and figures perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit. It may be said of him that he knew almost everything that could be known, and brought all his marvellous knowledge to bear upon the subject in hand with unequalled ability. Speaking of this Lord Brougham says: "Possessed of most extensive knowledge and of the most various description; acquainted alike with what different classes of men knew, each in his own province, and with much that hardly anyone ever thought of learning; he could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged—or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties and enlarge his views—or he could turn any portion of them to account for the purpose of illustrating his theme, or enriching his diction. Hence, when he is handling any one matter we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner or a teacher, to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar."

Burke was deficient in judgement. Vehement and self-willed he never considered his audience, never tried to conciliate the favor of his opponents. It never occurred to him that the orator is not the only one engaged while a speech is being made, that the audience is to be interested and therefore must be appealed to. Consequently the eloquence of Burke.

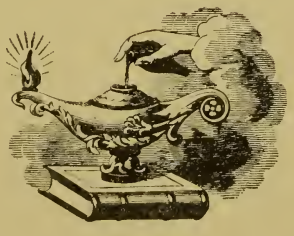
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining, and thought of convincing when they thought of dining--while it was

learned ingenious and fanciful did not hold the attention of his hearers. His oratory astounded by its brilliancy rather than persuaded by its arguments. Though he rarely failed to delight the audience by his manner and matter, he too frequently weakened the affect of his elocution by not stopping at the right period of argument. The consequence was that the man who at first evoked enthusiasm of the house by the brilliancy and power of his eloquence did actually empty it by persistance in the monotonous splendors of his speeches.

Burke was a man pure in his life and a purist in politics. In the parliamentary reforms which he introduced he has left an imperishable memory. He was first to maintain the doctrine of the independence of parliamentary representatives, that they were not mere machines to vote measures approved by their constituencies simply for that reason, but that they were men and thinkers chosen by them to calmly consider and legislate for the good of the commonwealth. During his career he rendered more important service to the cause of humanity than any other man of his time. He based human society on maxims of morality, demanded the conduct of business for noble sentiments, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and dignify the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes against the outrage of power in England, the outrage of the people in France, the outrage of monopolists in India. He made himself everywhere the champion of principles and the persecutor of vice.

A century has passed since Burke's death. Now the great orator and statesman has taken his place as a classic on the shelves of all libraries, but his popularity known only by a few rounded extracts from his speeches, or by Macaulay's description of the entrance on the parliamentary stage of Lord Rockingham's young Irish secretary, "who, to an eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and to an industry which shamed the industry of Greenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Greenville could lay claim." But, if Burke has shared the fate of all truly great writers not strictly popular in big conventionally admired, but practically neglected by the general reader, no political author is more diligently studied by the "middlemen" of thought, the makers and leaders of public opinion. His influence has been a constant and an increasing force in politics. His method and very phraseology have entered into the proceedings and speeches of the statesmen of the present day.

JAMES H. GILMORE, '99.



OUR NAVY.

FROM time immemorial the policy of nations has been "to provide for the public defence." When a nation has become great and prosperous, it is only natural that it should maintain a defense commensurate with its grandeur. Nations must be on guard against danger from within and danger from without. To meet these, our country maintains a small standing army, reinforced by the volunteer militia of the several States. But to repel the attacks of the invader, our chief reliance is on our navy. This reliance is born of faith in our American sailor, whose history from the early colonial period to the present day, is an invincible argument for "the reason of the hope that is in us." To day, when the eyes of the American people are turned in longing gaze and parental devotion to the "Queen of the Antilles," where lie the bones of her honored brave; to-day, with one accord, that same American people, reviewing the deeds of the past, have found just cause for their reliance, and whatever the future may bring it, the American people say with the poet:

> "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

Looking backward through a hundred years the successes of our navy seem to be well nigh incredible. To have brought the haughty Briton to our feet a short time after the efforts of Napoleon had failed was an achievement unparalleled in the history of nations.

Appreciating the need of commerce destroyers, Congress, in the early days of the Government, commissioned a few privateers to harass the British merchant ships. Afterwards, however, a regular navy was organized and on the 22d of December, 1775, a fleet was placed in commission by order of Congress and Essex Hopkins was made Commander-in-Chief. Associated with this intrepid commodore we find the names of such gallant officers as Biddle, Barry, Whipple and the immortal Paul Jones. He who bearded the lion in his den, who snatched from under the argus eye of Parlimentary coast guards the choicest booty of Albion, who, when finding himself doomed and sinking on board a rotten hulk in answer to the enemy's, "*The Richard*, ahoy! Have you struck your colors?" Retorted, "No, I have not yet begun to fight." Such indomitable courage was not to be overcome, and an hour later the enemy lowered his own flag.

This battle, it was, that established our reputation on the sea. What American does not recall the achievements of Decatur at Tripoli?

But our trials were not over, nor our triumph yet complete. Goaded to fury by England's unjust impressment of our sailors on the high seas, the year 1812 saw us involved in another conflict from which we emerged victorious.

Opening with the golden key of thought the jeweled box of memory, we search in vain the tablets for deeds excelling in bravery those of Decatur, Bainbridge and Lawrence, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," were a precious legacy to posterity and Spartan in its style, worthy of the man. And who can forget the deeds of Perry, the hero of Lake Erie.

But it was in the year 1861 that our navy was put to its supreme test. Without it the war might have been protracted for years.

The chapter of history which covers the Civil War period is filled with exploits of the most daring nature, such as achievement of Cushing, and Farragut, wrapped in the shrouds of the Hartford, with whom, in the opening up of the Mississippi, was associated the hero of Manila, Admiral Dewey Nor will these deeds be soon forgotten. They will be handed down from generation to generation, for on the the results of these exploits hung the future of this glorious Republic, which though once divided is, through the infinite mercy of Him who guides the destiny of nations, once again

> "A union of lakes and a union of lands,
> A union that time cannot sever,
> A union of heart and a union of hands,
> And the flag of our union forever."

After the war our navy was reduced to a peace footing, but experience had taught the Naval Department that the geographical position of our country made a larger naval force imperative and, consequently, the last fifteen years have seen vast improvements made, with the result, that in armed force and numbers we stand high among the nations of the world, and in courage, as of yore, the inferior to none.

Last year, for the first time in fifty years, our nation, among the most civilized in christendom, was plunged into a foreign war. Our policy was solely humanitarian. It is a policy that was vigorously pressed until its announced purposes had been accomplished--to relieve the starving, to stop a barbarous and hopeless warfare, to help the people of Cuba to establish their independence.

The climax was capped when on the morning of February 16, 1898, the nations of the world awoke to find the news scattered broadcast that while peacefully riding at anchor the U. S. "Maine," the pride of navy, together with 263 of her gallant crew had been ruthlessly destroyed.

The President appointed a "Board of Inquiry" to ascertain to the cause of the explosion. The unanimous opinion of this board was that the "Maine" went down to her watery grave a victim of an "external explosion." The court, however, was unable to fix the responsibility.

After the destruction of the "Maine" we rapidly drifted into war. The land forces were of a secondary importance in that great contest. The conflict was essentially a naval one.

Thus far our navy has been our pride and joy. For our future we have no fear, if this sentiment pervades our every act.

"Conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

JOHN J. HURLEY.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL A LA RAVEN.

Once upon a spring-time morning,
While in sleep all beauty scorning,
And in dreams my fortune mourning—
Dreaming of my tailor's bill—
I was wakened from my dreaming
By a voice unhuman seeming,
Loudly in my ear 'twas screaming—
Screaming shrilly, "Whip-poor-Will!"

Quickly from my bed arising,
And the chill night air despising—
Lo! a monster most surprising
Sat upon my window-sill.
"Leave my window without waiting;"
But he heeded not my rating,
And as if with me debating
Quoth the monster, "Whip-poor-Will!"

"Bird or monster, thou art shameless."
(What I next said shall be nameless,
But I hold myself as blameless,
For he tempted me with skill).
"Cease my sacred name thus speaking,
And within my chamber sneaking.
Come not near me shrilly shrieking
That cruel sentence, 'Whip-poor-Will!'"

But as if my harsh words scorning—
Lo! he heeded not my warning,
But through all that pleasant morning
Screeched that mandate loud and shrill.
Loud within me my heart's knocking—
"What have I done that's so shocking?"
And as if my accents mocking,
Quoth the monster, "Whip-poor-Will!"

—JOHN T. WILL, 1900

THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF LOUISIANA.

THE keenest critic who has of late years expressed himself in regard to our life in the United States, Matthew Arnold, found its chief defect in its monotonous uniformity, its lack of what he calls the quality of interest. He would rather, he tells us, be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich stock-broker in Chicago.

Matthew Arnold never visited New Orleans, but he would have found there the same quaintness and genius of its own that pleased him in Quebec. In many obvious ways New Orleans is far behind our other large cities, but no one, who is not hopelessly given over to mere material concerns of life, can deny that it is interesting. No other city in the United States has been so little affected by the leveling and amalgamating process which obliterates the provincial, and, with that, the picturesque. But it must also be said of the Crescent city, that it is not only picturesque, but it affords to the bustling and hustling part of America a lesson in the art of living joyously and beautifully without the necessity of absorption in some exclusive pursuit or of complex and artificial means for the attainment of pleasure. This activity which is attributed to New Orleans is found throughout the entire State, and is exerted in agricultural pursuit, for this is the dominant interest of the State.

It is true we have commerce, manufactures and transportations, of which we will speak later, but the vast area of fertile lands that abound in this State, fertile beyond comparison with those of the other states of the Union, the very cream of the Mississippi valley, transported from the mountains thousands of miles away, have given Louisiana an agricultural precedence over the other states that will probably continue in all time to come.

Heretofore the agriculturists have devoted this bounteous land simply to cotton, cane and rice culture, but now they are producing nearly everything that can be produced in a temperate or sub-tropical country.

Of fruits, a great variety of superior excellence can be grown there. The apple is raised in the northern part, while the pear and peach will grow everywhere, but the latter fruits best in the hill lands. Grapes, strawberries and oranges, also thrive abundantly. Many other varieties of fruit, too numerous to mention, flourish throughout the State.

The following bare recital will show the wonderful capabilities of our soil and climate from an agricultural standpoint. Turning to the forests we find a wealth of nature's products ready for the harvest, to be turned by man's skill and ingenuity into the various forms and shapes suitable for man's many wants. Trees crown our hills, decorate our valleys and fill our swamps. Shade trees of the densest foliage and of the most beautiful shape everywhere abound. The magnolia and the live oak intertwine their boughs with the beech and the ash, while the holly and the dogwood flourish in their shade. But now, let us speak of the staple crops since they are inseparably connected in every man's mind with Louisiana and New Orleans.

Sugar is of the first importance. Its history in Louisiana is so familiar that I need only call your attention to the progress made from the foundation of the industry in 1796. Up to 1822 only horse-power was used in the sugar houses; the first steam engines and mills were imported in 1822, and from that time the crop which, in 1823, had amounted to fifteen thousand tons, steadily increased until thirty years afterwards, in 1853, it had reached what was considered the astonishing figure of two hundred and twenty-four thousand tons for the whole United States. The increase was slow at first, but the tariff of 1842 had created a new era for the sugar industry. Fifty years have passed since then and the consumption has increased to nearly two million tons. Still more remarkable was the progress made in our sugar industry after the sweeping disaster of our Civil War; the Louisiana sugar crop growing from nine thousand tons in 1865 to more than three hundred thousand tons in 1897, The factories of to day now crush in one season from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand tons of cane, with an output of

from eight to twelve million pounds of sugar each.

As to the rice industry we will make a comparison of what it was twelve years ago with what it is to-day. It shows an improvement that is almost beyond belief. Twelve years ago small fields of from five to ten acres were common; to day there are fields of from five hundred to one thousand or more acres. Twelve years ago the crop was harvested with the hand-sickle and cradle and bound up by hand; to-day may be seen nearly five thousand self-binding harvesters at work with steam threshers by the hundreds. Twelve years ago the planters of the State were compelled to ship every barrel of rice they raised to New Orleans, because the entire milling capacity of the State centered there, and because they were encumbered and their crops were pledged to the monied interests of the city. To day finds the planters in most instances free and independent of commission merchants and milling nearly all of their own rice at home. The rice production of Louisiana is about one-half of that produced in the United States, or, in other words, it is sixty-five thousand tons.

The cotton produced last year was valued at about twenty-five million dollars. Its growth is distributed to all parts of the State, and its fast increasing production is wonderful. In the last ten years Louisiana has nearly doubled its production of cotton.

But now, Louisiana does not boast of her agricultural products only, but also of her numerous manufactories and extensive commerce. In 1896 there were two thousand six hundred and fifty factories in the State, the majority of which were sugar mills. The capital invested in the different factories and foundries amounts to the goodly sum of thirty-five millions of dollars. Among other important manufactories are cotton seed oil, machinery, tobacco and cigars, railroad cars, flourishing mill products and malt liquors.

Commerce is one of the leading interests of Louisiana, and especially of the city of New Orleans, which may be regarded as the natural outlet of the greatest agricultural valley in the world, with a larger cotton market than that of any other city, excepting Liverpool. A few figures will greatly illustrate the importance of New Orleans as a commercial centre. The domestic exports from New Orleans in 1896 were valued at $77,398,766; foreign exports, $439,277; the imports were valued at $21,789,732. The coastwise and foreign trade together approximates $450,000,000 annually.

The eyes of the country and of the world have centered on New Orleans during the past year. Commercially speaking, the crescent city has been the synosure of the business eyes of the world. Its future, and with that, the whole State of Louisiana, is more promising than that of any other city. Indeed, it has facilities for commerce that no other city posesses: situated near the sea and the natural point to which the grain and commodities of the west must come when the laws—the natural laws of transportation—adjust themselves.

Even long after the war the people of Kansas and other western states had a prejudice against New Orleans. But that prejudice is now a thing of the past, and the influences now at work will certainly produce their legitimate results, and New Orleans will become the market and the shipping point for an immense territory, which is constantly developing, and which, by its commerce, will add to the material wealth of New Orleans.

It is vain to attempt to clothe the beauty and greatness of Louisiana in suitable or appropriate words, for "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet"—the great Bard tells us—is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

JOHN B. LEVERT, JR.

LETTERS FROM DR. McSWEENY.

BERIUT, SYRIA, March 29, 1899.

To the Mountaineer and Mountaineers:

TO-DAY we traveled by rail from Damascus and rose from the plain to a height of over four thousand feet, where a violent snowstorm was raging on the top of Lebanon. One changes climate very quickly in this mountainous country. The people were sweeping the snow from their house-tops as fast as it fell, because the roofs of these one-story huts are of clay, and melting snow would soon destroy them. The houses in these countries are very simple, built of mud, mixed with straw. Their furniture is very scanty, consisting frequently of one pot and some pieces of matting for beds. They sit on the floor and sleep in their day-clothes, and pass the day in their night-clothes, as you will have it. They have no fire-place, no stove, no chimney, no windows. We visited a sample house in Cana of Galilee; it was twelve feet square and seven feet high and its single room was the dwelling of the family, the cat, the hens and the calf. The horse, camel and donkey, as well as the dog, remained outside. The fuel is manure, which smells, the hearth is the earthen floor of the cabin. The Bedouins looked awfully comfortless in their black tents out in the wild country-side, with a fence of cane sometimes filling up the gaps in the canvas. The pot filled with a stew of vegetables, and now and then mutton, is the dish into which all dip their fingers. They drink only water and are extremely temperate, the virtue of temperance being very important in the desert, where one may pass several days without being able to procure water. Hence a Bedouin refused a drink of water at ten in the morning, saying: "I have already drank." They eat grapes, those who can get them, but never touch wine, as this is forbidden by the Moslem law. Unfortunately, they are beginning to use an alcoholic extract of the grape immoderately, encouraged by the bad example of Europeans, and claim that Mahomet forbade wine, but not arrack.

The men Mahometans are very dutiful in prayer, kneeling at the appointed hour wherever they are, their faces toward Mecca. We saw a man praying in the public bath, nothing on him but a towel. The women are not allowed to pray in the mosques, the "men pray in their stead." How much praying would be done in the United States under such arrangement? We have not found out yet whether Moslem women are considered as having souls.

The mechanics are very interesting to observe, as they use their toes as well as their fingers in handling tools. One sees the entire process of manufacture in each little six by ten-feet wide-open shop. There seems to be much more exercise for the intellect and fancy than in our humdrum factories. Here all is hand and brain work, in which every individual has an equal share. Every man can make a complete shoe, or whatever else it be. So baking, weaving, harness-making, carriage and cabinet work, pottery, jewelry, etc., a hundred trades, are all on show all the day long in these most interesting streets of Damascus. Where in the United States will you find so agreeable and instructive an exhibition? The father is surrounded by his children, all working together in trades that are handed down from generation to generation. There is no machinery, except now and then a saw-mill turned by a horse. Hand-lathes are worked by a bow-string, or such simple contrivance. The potter's wheel, almost universally known amongst the nations, is one of the simplest and most ingenious of all machines, but it is not used by our Arizona Indians in their curious work.

The soil seems to be extremely rich in these countries. One is amazed at the size of the spring vegetables, cauliflower,

onions, oranges, etc. Indeed, the entire land of Palestine and a great part of Syria is lime rock with interlying valleys. The hills are cultivated in steps, like stairs, but the plains are dreams of beautiful fertility, and three, or even five, crops a year are raised in choice spots. In fact, imagine a gardener with a hot house filled with limestone soil, how many crops can he raise?

Goats and sheep flourish. The former give seven per cent. of butter, the latter furnish excellent mutton and wool. Cattle are smaller than ours. Horses are magnificent, but are very seldom exported, as the government will not allow it. They are raised by the wild Arabs of the desert. Donkeys are brought to great perfection. Indeed, these countries seem to be the native land of the horse and the ass.

The houses of the rich are very lofty, but of two stories only. The walls are chiefly windows, and opening on each inside-yard is a vast room with only three walls. This is the sitting room, splendidly decorated with Persian rugs, carpets and sofas, and fronting on a space, in the middle of which is a fountain bubbling up day and night. A cooler room for very hot weather has four walls and a fountain also in the middle. There is no fire except in the kitchen, and here only a very small one.

But delightful as those houses must be in summer, they are frightfully comfortless in winter.

Just as in our own more Southern States, the summer is so long they build for it, forgetting the cold season. Hence northern people suffer more from the cold in Mobile than in New York, more in New York than in Montreal. As we intended to say, the climate in winter and spring is very changeable in Syria. On Sunday last it was hot at Balbec; on Thursday there was from one to seven feet of snow there, and fearful discomfort in consequence on account of the style of the house. Travelers run very great risks indeed, and must be ready for opposite extremes of temperature every few days. Hence one day they are enchanted with everything, the next they wish they were at their own fireside, five thousand miles away. All this, however, serves its purpose. It dispels monotony, jerks one out of the rut in which he has been moving, brings out faculties and passion that have been long unused or dormant, and gives the other ones a rest, which is clearly a good thing. Even the anger itself which is roused by the unceasing endeavor of people to despoil you, is a soul-stirring feeling and expression of virtuous condemnation of lying and thieving; an honest, healthy passion when it is kept under control, and of which the Bible says: "Be angry and sin not." (Psalm iv.)

In this country the rivers are chiefly fed by the snow which never entirely disappears from the mountains. The Jordan itself is like the Rhine and the Rhone in this respect. It is always a full stream, although for seven months not a drop of rain falls in its valley. So those famous rivers of Damascus run constantly and supply that city and its environs all the year round, because they are snow-streams; a few miles away from the foot of the mountain they are simply lost in the dry beach-like sands of the desert. Hence this famous town, the oldest one we know of that flourishes as ever, owes its existence to these rivers, and without them would cease to be. It stands on a green carpet fringed on the east with sand and on the west with hard, burnt mountain rock. The sward is richness itself, the border is as barren as "the back of your hand." Hence the delight with which travelers used to see Damascus, and still see it, as it lies a pearl set in a large emerald on the wild rough bosom of nature, itself the beautiful centre of boundless fertility, beyond which is spread blank desolation.

EDWARD MCSWEENY.

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OFF TROY, Sunday, April 9, 1899.

Going on deck this morning we found ourselves in the strait between the immortal plain of Ilium (book ii, 21) as well, of course, in the Iliad. This is one of those spots which every lover of the classics longs to see. It looks very bare and desolate, as did the opposite shore, but we students peopled its beach with the Grecian warriors, and the Asiatic coast with the noble associates of noblest Hector. A hill rises about two hundred feet in the middle of the island, and we pictured to ourselves the friends of the wise Ulysses spying out from its eminence the wooden horse which their bold leader had designed, and inside of which he and his comrades entered the town that in ten years' siege they had not been able to take. I must add that the uppermost thought in our

minds was this: how exquisitely simple and profoundly superstitious were those Troyians, else such patriotic and successful defenders of their native soil, much more lovable than their adversaries they appear to have been, for after their experience of the infamous treachery of Sinon (Æneid, book ii, 66), we find them rescuing another Greek whom they found in not unlike distress. "*O sancta simplicitus!*" (Æneid, book iii, 590). The Romans claimed them for their forefathers, and God rewarded their nobleness with the tangible empire of the world, and established in their posterity the executive administration of His Universal Church, while their clever enemies have to be content with the sovereignty of abstract ideas. But Troy and Greece rule the world still, "O blind old singer!"

On Friday last we had the happiness (I call it such) of witnessing the going of the Sultan in solemn procession to public worship. I think this one of the most interesting and important events in the whole world, and feel that, humanly speaking, the Turkish Empire is safe so long as this official recognition of God continues. Every Mahometan in the world, and there are three millions of them, knows this fact and is strengthened in his faith and encouraged in the practice of his religion by this noble example. There is no band so strong as religious unity, and statesmen may well hesitate to lay hands on the man whom a fifth of the human race look up to and respect as their religious leader. How well it would be for every sovereign and chief magistrate to imitate the Sultan. What force it would add to the words of every preacher and teacher. What powerful effect it would have in putting down infidelity. I will add that his Majesty treated us to tea and cigarettes, which was a nice and delicate surprise, and modified our view exceedingly, believe me.

The great German people have another band between themselves and their rulers, which is most honorable and most powerful. Every child of the emperor must and does learn a trade, and learn it perfectly, and the birthday present required by the parents from their children (how different from the U. S.), is an article made and finished by the imperial offspring, a chair, a watch, a piece of printing, etc., etc. Ah! how easy it is for kings to fasten to themselves the hearts of their people, if they thus acknowledge the common humanity. How easy in Germany (much easier than in the U. S.) to talk effectively about the dignity of labor. Such a government, such a people deserves to stand and to flourish. No wonder the Lord helped them so marvellously in their task of unifying the Fatherland. As the renowned Derpanloup, Bishop of Orleans, said during the Franco-Prussian war: "The Germans know how to obey." Obedience is the lesson taught in the emperor's household, obedience and work. Hence the greatness of Germany, which will endure while they practice these fundamental virtues.

EDWARD MCSWEENY.

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CORINTHE LE, April 15, 1899.

Leaving Athens to-day at seven, we skirted the bay of Salamis and crossed the Isthmian canal at ten o'clock. It is a pretty work, straight as an arrow, cut through the living rock opened in '93. It is one hundred feet in breadth, three and a-half miles long, and twenty-six feet deep. The railway crosses it at a height of one hundred and seventy feet. Unfortunately, it is too narrow for the safe navigation of large steamers, and hence is very little used, although it ought to be very useful, as it saves a whole day's steam navigation around Greece. This canal is the realization of one of the dreams of ages, and was begun by more than one in the past

At eleven we drove to Corinthe proper, which lies on bluffs about three miles in from the shore of the gulf, the land between being a very level plain. As Corinthe was destroyed by an earthquake in 1858, and the inhabitants moved to a site on the flat of the shore right near the Isthmus. The new city may be better suited for trade, but the old one was far better adapted for architectural effect as well as for health and beautiful outlook.

As we climbed the steep leading to Akrocorinth, a crust rock overhanging the place and bearing some resemblance to Maryland's heights at Harper's Ferry, the air became more and more fresh and invigorating, although the heat at midday was as great as Maryland would have been in June.

What charmed us more than the view of Lepuntor's blue waves, and the site of the old city, was the music of the shepherd whose flocks meandered over the slope. He played on his pipes like his prototype,

Pan, and as he was half a mile down and away, and had nothing to expect from us, we felt that he was amusing himself and charming his sheep, and we enjoyed it accordingly the more. Wagner's Tristan and Ysolde, there is nothing in all the music to compare in beauty and effect with the few notes of the shepherd's pipe towards the end of the opera. Here, however, all was simplicity, naturalness and truth. How much history had passed over these mountains, how many generations had succeeded each other, since St. Paul preached in the brilliant luxurious city, and the shepherd tends his flock and plays his pipe as ever.

The waters of the gulf on either side the Isthmus made Corinthe a centre of shipping, and yacht sailing was carried on with great spirit and magnificence. What we admired was the spirit which made the Corinthian youths take pride and pleasure in sailing their own boats instead of hiring others to do it for them, as, shame to say, is done at home in these degenerate days. We thought that if it were possible, some American boys would hire rustics to do their mountain climbing for them and save themselves the trouble of tramping up to Indian Lookout. How different and how noble by contrast the temper of those young men whom we met at Athens starting out for a walk over Pentelicus to Marathon and back. "You'll have to take lunch along," we said. "O," was the reply, "almonds and raisins make an excellent lunch."

The top of the "rock" is fortified by walks double and triple more than a mile and a quarter in length. Inside, the plateau is from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in breadth. The view of distant Athens and the Acropolis, with its Panthenon, of Salamis and its famed strait, of the two gulfs spanned by the Isthmus, of the snow-crowned Pareassus and of Helicon and a score of other mountains, is unsurpassed for interest and varied beauty. We stood on a rocky hill 1,886 feet high.

As we went down with the two boys who accompanied us, one carrying our coats and the other amusing us by his kiddish frisking and galloping over the rocks, we came upon a wonderful spring bubbling up at that height, 1,800 feet, in the centre of the plateau. It is called Pirene, and on account of its novel location and unspeakable value, many legends are associated with it, one of which tells that it gushed forth at the stroke of the hoof of Pegasus. Imagine one of our College springs gushing out on the top of Carrick's Knob! No wonder the tired, hot, perspiring mountain-climbers burst into poetry on meeting those cool, delicious waters, the most grateful of all drinks "Good, honest water, that never laid man in the mire." Innocent creature, as the Church calls the element in the beautiful prayer of Holy Saturday, which was caressed by the Holy Ghost at the opening of creation, which danced before the ark of God, the Father, at the crossing of the Jordan and the Rea Sea, which was sanctified by the touch of the Body of the Son of God and ordained for cleansing our souls unto admission into the Kindom of Heaven.

Coming down we visited the excavations making under the direction and at the expense of the American Archeological Society, and superintended by graduates of our various colleges. They have just unearthed a fountain connected with the water above mentioned and enabling them to verify the plan of the whole city, buried for fifteen hundred years. We rejoiced with all the more that they all knew the "Mountain," one of whose graduates, Rev. Dr. Daniel Quinn, '83, is now in Greece with Father Peter Coad, '90. They are studying and exploring. Imagine the pleasure with which we heard that Father Quinn is recognized to be the first living authority amongst English-speaking scholars in his Greek specialty. We told one of the Americans how Greek seemed to be preferred even to Latin by the Mountaineers, and he congratulated us on our classic taste. These American bachelors come from Yale, Brown, Mount St. Mary's, Dartmouth (that little college "which some love"), etc. They live in simple style, with a cook to look after them, keeping literally "bachelor's hall," and soaking themselves in architecture, inscriptions, manners of the people, scenery, history, language, dialects, etc., of the most intellectual race in the world, in order that they may teach the youth at home and improve them with the same beautiful and sublime tastes and aspirations.

EDWARD MCSWEENY.

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BISHOP WATTERSON.

The Right Reverend John Ambrose Watterson, bishop of Columbus, a former student, seminarian, professor and president of the Old Mountain, has joined the ranks of those who journey in that "bourne whence no traveller returns." The curtain of his life dropped suddenly. As the first gray streaks of dawn were breaking through the mists of a night of suffering—suffering brought on by an overzealous devotion to duty—his soul winged its flight to its creator, and the light of another gem in the diadem of the American hierarchy forever ceased to sparkle.

The Old Mountain has special right to mourn the death of Bishop Watterson. For seven years he watched over her destinies with signal honor and success, and even after he had left her portals to grace the ranks of the Episcopacy by his transcendent qualities of heart and mind, he would now and then return and renew his undying affection for his Alma Mater. Nor was she unmindful of the love and esteem of such a son, and when she heard that he was no more gloom and sorrow filled her heart.

Bishop Watterson, to a certain extent, formed a connecting link between the Mountain of the past and the Mountain of the present. Many of those who were associated with him when he was president have also taken passage on the sea of eternity. However, there are some who knew him as a priest and professor, and in the arcanum of their hearts his memory is cherished and revered.

Bishop Watterson was a man of deep learning and culture. His delight was to see religion and knowledge disseminated among all classes. For this purpose he was indefatigable in his efforts to secure Christian education for his flock, and the great number of parochial schools and other Catholic institutions of learning which have been erected since he took charge of

the diocese of Columbus, will stand as the most fitting memorials of his zeal and labor. He realized the awful ravages wrought by the fiend of drink, and he was unswerving in his loyalty to the cause of temperance.

On this question he sometimes took a bold stand, but the sincerity of his motives was never questioned. A strict disciplinarian, in private intercourse he was as simple and ingenuous as a child.

Bishop Watterson had few superiors as an orator. He was possessed of a magnetic personality and a charm of manner that irresistibly won all who heard the passionate outpourings of a mind that thought deeply and with philosophic accuracy.

At his death the citizens of Columbus, irrespective of creed, hastened to pay their tributes of respect and veneration to his memory. To his brother, Mr. A. V. D. Watterson, and his other relatives, THE MOUNTAINEER extends its sincerest sympathy. The Old Mountain has lost an honored and devoted son, the country an exemplary citizen, and the hierarchy of this country a member whose name will go down the centuries linked with those of Carroll, Kenrick, Spalding and Hughes.

Obituary.

BISHOP WATTERSON.

RT. REV. BISHOP WATTERSON, of Columbus, Ohio, died quite suddenly on the morning of April 17th. He had been in ill-health for some time and contemplated a sea voyage to repair his failing strength, when he was stricken by the fell reaper, death.

John Ambrose Watterson was born in Bairdstown, Westmoreland county, Pa., May 27, 1844. He was the son of John S. Watterson and Sarah H. Watterson and was educated in Blairsville, Pa, at the parochial school there under Father Stillinger He then went to St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland county, where he remained two years, after which he entered Mount St. Mary's, where he graduated in June, 1865. Before graduation he entered the seminary, where he continued his theological studies and was ordained at St. Vincent's College on August 15, 1868. He subsequently returned to Mt. St. Mary's College. For a short time he found congenial occupation at the Mount, as a member of the faculty and in attending to the missionary work of the College parish. Both of these experiences had a good effect on the future work of the young priest. They helped towards that solidity of thought and polish of style and sound pratical judgment which mark his writings on matters necessary to be treated by a pastor in the interest of the Church. Georgetown College conferred the degree of D. D on him in '77. In October of the previous year, he had been appointed president of Mount St Mary's and pastor of the congregation. This prepared him for the greater and more difficult work of administration which he was soon to be called upon to undertake. When Bishop Rosecrans—whose name was a household word through the country—went to his reward, Dr. Watterson was called to succeed him. He at first declined the appointment, for he knew better than anybody else the financial entanglements of the diocese and the gravity of the office of pastor; but he was afterwards induced to accept by Archbishop Elder, who had just about that time been sent to Cincinnati.

One of the happiest moments of Bishop Watterson's life seemed to be—in spite of the work before him—that moment after his consecration as bishop when he blessed his mother. Honors were nothing to him; he knew too well that the responsibilities they bring neutralize them, but the happiness of his mother, thus seeing her prayers answered and her dear one equipped to

ead the soldiers of Christ, was reflected in the ...ge of her son. He was consecrated bishop by the Rt. Rev. William H. Elder, Administrator of Cincinnati, on August 8, 1880, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus.

Bishop Watterson succeeded in making his diocese remarkable for its zeal in the cause of Catholic education. Its records of parochial schools is a high compliment to the wisdom, zeal and tact of the prelate.

He has shown a constant interest in Catholic literature and in the circulation of journals whose christian principals could be relied on. Bishop Watterson's sermons and lectures had a simplicity of style and a felicity of un-Latinized expressions which gave them a force not always found in ecclesiastical oratory. Bishop Watterson was a power socially, and no word he uttered ever failed to find its response, for the reason that he understood that style ; to be perspicuous, must not only express the writer's thought, but must hit the mind of the reader or hearer. This was one of the secrets of Bishop Watterson's acknowledged strength whenever he choose to exert it.

Bishop Watterson will be especially remembered by the members of the Union Veteran Legion and the society of the Army of the Cumberland, at whose joint encampment in September of 1897, at Columbus, he took a prominent part, delivering the open prayer. At this occasion he spoke with his usual eloquence, and his prayer was so well received that it has been preserved by the veterens who attended the encampment. Bishop Watterson's career had been one of most active work. He not only looked after the affairs of his bishopric, but was a great traveller, taking a deep interest in national questions. Twice he visited Rome.

Bishop Watterson was a brother of A. V. D. Watterson, president of the Alumni Association; Mrs. Mary Behen and Mrs. M. J. McCann, of Pittsburg ; James S. Watterson, of St. Louis, and Theodore Watterson, of Denver, Col. His nephew, Rev. Charles H. A. Watterson '90, is also a priest, and was secretary to his uncle at the time of his death.

The funeral of Bishop Watterson took place April 20th. A more imposing ceremony possibly has never been witnessed within the walls of the Columbus Cathedral. There was a congregation that filled to overflowing the body of the church, the aisles and the galleries, and an attendance of clergy, bishops, monsignors, priests, secular and regular, that taxed the sanctuary. The celebrant of the Pontifical Requiem Mass was the Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. In the sanctuary were Bishops Allen, of Mobile; Fitzgerald, of Little Rock ; McCloskey, of Louisville ; Maes, of Covington ; Foley, of Detroit ; Phelan, of Pittsburg ; Richter, of Grand Rapids; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., rector of Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph Jessing, director Pontifical College Josephinum.

Immediately after the Mass the Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann, standing within the sanctuary at the head of the casket, preached the funeral sermon.

Among the messages of condolence received at the episcopal residence during the hours immediately following the Bishop's death, was the following :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, April 17, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR.—The President has received your telegram announcing the death of Bishop Watterson.

This news comes as a great shock to the President, who in common with the good Bishop's large circle of friends will deeply feel his loss.

Assuring you of the President's appreciation of your thoughtfulness in writing him so promptly, believe me,

Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Assistant Secretary to the President.

The deceased prelate leaves little or no worldly goods. A few hundred dollars, his worldly possessions, are distributed among his diocesan priests, conditional that they offer up low Masses for the repose of his soul. Other disposition is made of his papers and library. Within the past month a policy of insurance in the Equitable for $15,000 matured, the increment of which went to the extinguishment of the diocesan debt.

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THOMAS MOLLOY, the leading salt manufacturer of Syracuse, N. Y., died April 6, at his home. Mr. Molloy was regarded as the best informed man in the world in matters pertaining to the salt business. He was Secretary and Treasurer of the Onondaga Coarse Salt Association at the time of his death. Mr. Molloy was born 58 years ago on a farm in the town of Salina. He was educated at Mount St Mary's, and at the age of 19 years entered the office of the Onondaga Salt Company, and was associated with the Onondaga salt industry the remainder of his life. He was a director of the Third National Bank and of the State Bank, a trustee of the Onondaga County Savings Bank and of the Trust and Deposit Company. His three surviving sisters are all Sisters of Charity. One of them, Sister Frances, was for a number of years Mother Superior of Kenwood Convent at Albany, and is now stationed at Providence,

R. I. Another, Sister Agnes, is a teacher in New York, and the third, Sister Minnie, is in a convent at Philadelphia. Mr. Molloy leaves a widow and six children.

THE MOUNTAINEER extends condolence to the bereaved family.

***

SUNDAY, May 7, John F. Miller, of Wilmington, Del., died after a short illness. Mr Miller was born in Deerfield, N. J., 71 years ago. He came to Wilmington when a child. He was a student of the Mountain from 1847 to 1849. For a number of years he was engaged in business in Wilmington as a member of the music firm of Miller & Duffy. For 35 years Mr. Miller was the organist at St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral.

Mr. Miller was an esteemed citizen of Wilmington, being for some years Treasurer of that city. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, May 10. Mr. Miller was an ardent lover of the "Mountain," his only regret during life being that he was unable to make more frequent visits to the scene of his student days. May his soul rest in peace.

***

ON Friday morning, May 12, Hon. Charles J. Reddy died at Abita Springs, St. Tammany parish, near Baton Rouge, La. Mr. Reddy entered the College in 1868 and graduated in the class of '73.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate* says:

"Mr Reddy was a thorough-going clear-headed business man, who never took hold of a financial enterprise but that it was improved by his connection with it, and as a result his success was phenomenal and his business judgment was relied upon implicitly by those associated with him. His business career has been from the first almost one unbroken succession of triumphs, and had he lived to the allotted age of man his genius would have caused him to be ranked among the greatest of the country's great financiers.

"Charles J. Reddy was a merchant, manufacturer, banker, financier, humanitarian and citizen one who acted well his part in all the walks of life, and whose death has filled the hearts of our people with sorrow unspeakable.

"In the death of Charles J. Reddy the city loses a shining mark, society a valuable member, and his bereaved family a lovely husband and devoted father.

"Peace to his ashes."

THE MOUNTAINEER adds its tender of sympathy to his sorrow stricken family.

***

REV HENRY L. WRIGHT, pastor emeritus of the Church of the Nativity, Media, Pa, was found dead in bed on the morning of April 28th. The deceased had but lately returned from a trip to Florida and was apparently as well as usual when he retired the evening before and had not complained of feeling unwell.

Father Wright, who was seventy-six years of age, was a native of Philadelphia His parents were Protestants, his father being the late Henry Wright, who died at the age of ninety-six years. While yet a youth, he went to Boston and there he received the light of faith, which led to his conversion. He entered Mt. St. Mary's College and was ordained to the priesthood by the Venerable Bishop Newmann on March 6, 1859. The first ten years of his priestly life were spent in various missions, notably at Ivy Mills, but for the past thirty years he had been in charge of the Media church. About five years ago he was relieved at his own request of active duty Father Wright was a very close friend of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, for many years.

***

THE REV. E. A. TERRY, one of the most beloved of all the Catholic priests in Albany, N. Y., suffered another stroke of paralysis on Sunday, May 14th. Father Terry was fifty-seven He was born in Ardmore, Waterford county, Ireland, August 3, 1842. His father occupied an extensive farm in the neighborhood of the village, and was the projector and ruling spirit of many local enterprises. In 1849, Mr. Terry disposed of his property and came to the United States. He purchased the Pulaski farm, near Jackson, Mich., and it was there, in a primitive log schoolhouse, that Father Terry received his first lessons. Two of his brothers entered the Ann Arbor University, one in the department of law and the other in that of civil engineering. The eldest brother having been ordained to the priesthood in Ireland, had emigrated with the family, and was assigned to duty in Chicago. He was the first assistant pastor appointed to St Patrick's Church. In the sanctuary of his church was afterwards ordained, August 6, 1866, his youngest brother, Edward He graduated from the Lazarist College of St. Mary's, Perry county Mo., in 1861.

Father Terry spent a year, 1866-67, in the seminary here, and after his ordination, although only twenty-four, he received an earnest call from President McCaffrey to the chairs of dogmatic theology and sacred scripture Father Terry held these chairs for five years. In '84, Dr. Terry was elected president of the alumni and at conclusion of the address on this occasion President Byrne conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws.

In the death of Father Terry, the Old Mountain loses a true friend, whose interest in her welfare never wavered. Rev. Father O'Hara was present at the funeral.

ALUMNI CHAT.

MR. MICHAEL JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY, ex-'93 and Miss Marie Calhoun Lane were married in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La., on April 26th Bishop Allen, of Mobile, assisted by Fathers Gaffney, Klein and Lawton, pronounced the nuptial benediction The ushers included Messrs. Marion O'Shaughnessy, James Butler and John Lagarde.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy are now on an extended wedding tour in the east and will sail in June for Europe.

THE MOUNTAINEER extends congratulations to the young couple.

***

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT O LEVERT, of New Orleans, La., while on their wedding tour north, paid us a visit during last month. THE MOUNTAINEER extends best wishes to the young couple.

***

AMONG the Mountaineers present at the consecration of Bishop Shannahan, of Harrisburg, were: Very Rev. P. J. Garvey, D. D., of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook; Very Rev. Wm. L. O'Hara, Revs. D. J. Flynn, L. L. D., and John C. McGovern, of Mount St. Mary's College; F J McArdle, T. J. Larkin, J. J. Smith, of Philadelphia; J. A McHugh, of New Hope; J. N. Colori, Lewistown; A. L. Reudter, New Freedom; Clement Burger, New Oxford; Pius Hemler, McSherrystown; Edward Burhard, Lancaster; M. M. Hassett, J. J. McCloskey, Harrisburg; J. G. McGrath, Centralia, and M. B. Doulon, Dunmore, Pa.

***

WHILE attending the Conference of Catholic Colleges in Chicago, Father O'Hara was the guest of Rev. Jas. F. Callaghan, '83, of St. Jerome's Church. There he met Rev. Jas. Flood, of St. Matthew's Church that city, Rev. Thos. E Cox, St. Jardath's Church, also of Chicago, and Rev. Jno. Power, an enthusiastic Mountaineer, Valley, Illinois. Father Power travelled over a hundred miles to see Father O'Hara, who is much indebted to all those Reverend gentlemen for the hospitality shown him while in Chicago.

***

REV. T. F. ROSENSTEEL, of Tyrone, Pa., spent a few days at the Mountain during the month of April. We are always glad to see Father Rosensteel and regret that he is unable to call.

***

ALEXANDER STEWART, a popular student at the college two years ago, is now making an extensive tour through Ireland.

WHILE attending the funeral of Bishop Watterson, Father O'Hara met Frank J. Confer, '90, and Francis King, a student at the college last year. Frank Confer is Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Recruiting Service in U. S. A., stationed at Columbus, and Mr. King is attending the School of Technology in that city.

***

MR. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, has been appointed annual orator of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. The oration is to be delivered at Saunders' Theatre, Boston Mass., on Friday of commencement week.

***

AT the first banquet of the Business Men's Association of Frederick, held May 1, at the Hotel Burgess of that city, Jacob Rohrback responded to the toast "The Judiciary Legal Fraternity." That Mr. Rohrback handled his subject in a masterly manner we need not say. The Mountaineers of Frederick have a wide reputation as after-dinner speakers.

***

On Sunday, April 30, Bishop Allen, of Mobile, Ala., laid the cornerstone of the beautiful new stone church now in course of erection at Anniston, Ala. Quite a large number of people were in attendance and the impressive ceremonies which were there witnessed for the first time proved very interesting.

***

ST. MARY'S T. A. B. SOCIETY of Wilmington, Delaware, has elected Rev. Edward A. McVeigh spiritual director.

***

A PAPER of more than ordinary weight is Prof. Ernest Lagarde's "The President and His Advisers," in Donahoe's Magazine for May. At any other moment Prof. Lagarde's strong legal argument against territorial expansion and ultimate imperialism would be heard; but when did greed and ambition listen to reason?

***

AMONG the four young men raised to the subdiaconate and diaconate by Bishop Curtis, of Baltimore, on May 12th and 13th, was Rev. Mr. Wm. A. Kerrigan, of Mount St. Mary's.

***

JOHN J. NEENAN, whom the present students at the College well remember, took the part of "Westmoreland," in Shakespeare's "Henry IV," presented by the students of Georgetown College on the evening of April 25th.

CHIEF JUDGE JAMES MCSHERRY, of the Maryland Court of Appeals, an honored alumnus of Mount St. Mary's, whose name has been mentioned as a probable candidate for the gubernatorial nomination on the democratic ticket this fall, in an interview said: "The whole matter is a surprise to me. However, I must say I have received many complimentary letters from prominent citizens throughout the State and professional men of Baltimore, urging me to allow my name to be used as a candidate before the convention. I naturally feel highly complimented at the warm feeling of friendship expressed towards me, but under no consideration would I be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. I have never though of such a thing," said he, "and would not even accept the nomination were it tendered me. I am not a politician, nor am I in politics. I desire to serve only in the capacity to which I have been elected." Judge McSherry's term will expire in 1902. He is now fifty-five years of age. Governor Lowndes appointed him Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals upon the death of Chief Judge Robinson.

LOCALS.

LECTURE BY WILLIAM SETON, LL. D.

One of the most interesting and instructive lectures in this year's course was delivered by Doctor Seton in the study hall on Wednesday evening, April 19th, before a large and appreciative audience. The lecture in substance embraced a brief, yet a practical and comprehensive discourse on the natural sciences—Astronomy, Geology, Physics and Electricity. Each branch received learned and capable treatment from the gifted lecturer, who despite the limitations of circumstances, gave a grand epitome of an extensive subject. He used only technicalities which were absolutely necessary, thereby making his lecture intelligible and interesting to all present.

In an easy and harmonious flow of language, clear and forcible, he elucidated the principles of the various sciences, their relative importance and consequence with all the keenness and method of his logical mind The nebular hypothesis, the laws of gravitation, evolutions in modern geology and electrical phenomena lost much of their abstruseness as the speaker unfolded their significance.

The lecture lasted over an hour and a half and it was marked from beginning to end by scientific knowledge of great depth and thoroughly digested. Our high expectations of an elegant lecture, founded on Dr. Seton's former discourses at the Mountain, were not disappointed.

***

THE members of the different classes are busy at work preparing class cheers with which to make the welkin ring on "Exi."

***

THE members of the senior class held their annual banquet at the Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg, on May 17.

COMMENCEMENT will be held this year on June 28th. The graduating class of this year numbers twenty-three and is the largest class which has left the Mountain in many years.

***

HOW *tempus* does *fugit* is a familiar expression among the students now-a-days, especially those who have not yet begun to prepare for the dreaded examinations.

***

MAY devotions are held in the chapel every evening during this month. There is benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and an appropriate sermon on alternate evenings.

***

ONCE again old Mother Earth has put on her variegated garb of Spring. The violets awakening from their slumbers have covered the meadow and dell; the winsome eglantine and the immaculate lily of the valley have made beautiful even the stony dale; the dancing streams whisper to the shrinking flowers the olden song; the birds, the zephyrs, and even the budding trees breathe in numbers "It is May."

In accordance with the custom of the "Old Mountain," devotions are held every evening in honor of her who is truly "The Queen of May." The temporary altar in the chapel, through the efforts of the indefatigable sacristan, is a veritable bower of beauty. The mountain shrine, by the kindness of some devotees, has been artistically adorned with flowers. Why all cannot assist in making the shrine "a thing of beauty" is hard to understand. If but one of the many hours that are whiled away on "rec" days were spent in cleaning around the grotto, we would have a Mary's bower that might well command respect.

SPORTING NOTES.

MT. ST. MARY'S VS. BALTIMORE CITY COLLEGE.

The baseball season at the Mountain was opened on April 20, Baltimore City College being our opponents. The game was, as the score shows, an easy one for the home team. The game, except for Wolfe's batting and Murphy's fielding, was featureless. In the first inning hits by Murphy, Kenny, Wolfe and Smith, coupled with four errors, gave the Mountaineers six runs. In the second five more were scored on three hits and three errors. The home team went out in order in the third and fourth. Five runs were scored in the fifth. In the sixth Morvaunt went to first on an error by Reynolds. F. Smith then singled. Both, however, were left, as Hesson, Murphy and Kenny were easy outs. In the seventh Wood was hit for five singles and two doubles. When the fun was over ten runs had crossed the rubber. For the visitors, in the first, Schloss went out on a fly to Kenny. Reynolds singled and went to second, when Wolfe, in an attempt to catch him off the base, threw wild. He scored on Murphy's error of Foutz's grounder. In the second the visitors scored four on three hits, a base on balls and an error. This ended their run-getting. The game was called at the end of the seventh to allow the visitors to catch the train. Morvaunt distinguished himself in this game, striking out seven men and allowing but five hits, two of these being scratches. The score:

MT. ST. MARY'S	A.B.	R	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hesson, r. f.	6	3	2	0	0	0
Murphy, s. s.	3	4	2	5	2	1
Kenny, l. f	6	4	2	2	0	0
Duggan, c. f.	6	4	1	1	0	0
Wolfe, c.	6	4	4	7	1	1
Bleistein, 2b.	5	4	3	0	1	1
P. Smith, 1b.	6	0	0	5	0	1
Morvaunt, p	4	2	1	0	1	0
F. Smith, 3b	4	1	3	1	0	2
Totals.	46	26	18	21	5	5
BALTO. CITY COLLEGE.						
Schloss, 2b.	4	1	1	3	3	2
Reynolds, s. s	3	1	1	0	0	4
Fisher, l. f. & r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Foutz, p. & l. f.	3	0	1	4	2	1
Wood, r. f. & p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Jordan, 1b.	2	0	0	5	0	1
Claypoole, 3b	4	1	0	2	0	4
Stoncipher, c.	3	1	2	3	1	2
Murphy, c. f.	2	1	0	3	0	0
Totals	29	5	5	21	7	15

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Mt. St Mary's	6	5	0	0	5	0	10	—	25
Balto City College	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	—	5

Two-base hits—Wolfe (2) and Bleistein. Stolen bases—Hesson (3), Murphy Kenny, Duggan (3), Bleistein (3), Morvaunt, Jordan (2) and Stoncipher. Bases on balls—Morvaunt (5), Foutz (1), Wood (3). Hit by pitcher—Murphy, F. Smith, Reynolds. Struck out—By Morvaunt (7), Foutz (1), Wood (2). Umpires—Diebold and Prendergast.

***

MT. ST. MARY'S VS. SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

Morvaunt's pitching was the feature of the game with Susquehanna University, played on May 6. Kelley, the first man to face Sutch, hit for two bases and scored on Murphy's single. Murphy stole second and scored on Kenny's hit. Kenny was thrown out on an attempt to steal second Wolfe went to first on balls, but was forced out on Duggan's hit to short. O'Donnell flew out to centre Four runs were scored in the fourth on Duggan's single, Bleistein's two-bagger, Morvaunt's single and Murphy's three-bagger. In the seventh Bleistein's two-base hit, Paul Smith's single and Kelley's drive for three bases scored two runs. Kenny's two-base hit, singles by Wolfe and Bleistein and Duggan's two-bagger scored three runs. In the visitors' half of the first Morvaunt struck out three men. Two hits, a base on balls and F. Smith's error scored two runs in the second. In the fifth a single, a base on balls, a double and a triple scored three runs. In the seventh they scored two runs on an error, a base on balls, a single and a wild pitch. P. Smith went to the rubber in the eighth and made a very creditable showing. In the eighth Kenny ran to the foul line and nabbed Michaels' fly. In the same inning Duggan made a beautiful catch of Reynolds' liner to centre. The score:

MT. ST. MARY'S.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelley, r. f.	5	2	2	3	0	0
Murphy, s. s.	5	1	2	1	2	2
Kenny, l. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Wolfe, c.	4	1	2	11	1	0
O'Donnell, 1b	5	1	1	5	0	0
Duggan, c. f.	4	3	2	3	0	0
Bleistein, 2b.	5	2	4	1	1	0
Morvaunt, p.	3	0	1	1	0	0
P. Smith, p.	2	1	1	0	0	0
F. Smith, 3b.	5	1	0	0	0	3
Totals.	43	13	17	27	4	5

SUSQUEHANNA.

Sutch, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
Michaels, s. s.	5	0	0	0	4	2
Reynolds, 1b.	5	0	0	9	0	0
Lang, c.	5	0	0	7	2	0
L. Bolig, 3b.	4	2	1	2	4	2
C Bolig, 2b.	2	3	0	3	1	2
Rohrbach, c. f.	4	2	3	0	0	0
Moist, l. f.	5	0	1	3	0	0
Barrett, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.	36	7	6	24	14	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Mt. St. Mary's.	2	0	0	4	2	0	2	3	x	—13
Susquehanna.	0	2	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	— 7

Two-base hits—Kelley, Kenny, O'Donnell, Duggan, Bleistein (2), Rohrbach and Barrett. Three-base hits—Kelley, Murphy and Moist. Stolen bases—Kelley, Murphy (3), Kenny, Duggan, F. Smith and Sutch. Bases on balls—Morvaunt (7), Sutch (2). Hit by pitcher—L. Bolig. Struck out—By Morvaunt (8), by Sutch (7). Passed balls—Wolfe and Lang. Wild pitches—Morvaunt (2). Umpires—Diebold and Prendergast.

***

DIAMOND FLASHES.

THE wisdom of changing Captain Murphy from third to short has been shown by the amount of ground he is covering.

***

IT looks familiar to see O'Donnell, last year's crack first baseman, at the initial corner. His batting and fielding will help to win many a game.

***

WITHOUT a doubt the present outfield is the strongest that has ever represented the Mountain on the baseball field. Anyone who wants a home run will have to knock the ball over the "sycamore."

EXCHANGES.

The Catholic High School Journal is an excellent example of what a progressive high school may accomplish in the field of school journalism. Its articles may not possess the depth of thought or the felicity of expression which characterize the contributions to our leading college magazines, but they are all marked with a correctness of expression and a literary accuracy which speaks eloquently for the excellent English training its editors receive. "The Ring of Nibellung," in the number before us, gives us much valuable information concerning the great German epic. It would, however, have been much improved had the author interlarded his essay with a few criticisms on the literary character of the poem. Lafayette has much in it to recommend. The exchange column of *The Journal* is a model of its kind. The inane witticisms, trite jokes and clippings, which show anything but a literary taste too often make up the bulk of what some editors are pleased to label on exchange columns. The gentlemen who preside over this department of *The Journal* have studiously avoided all this, and from month to month they put forth a column of just honest and appreciative criticisms which cannot fail to benefit the one criticises. It is criticism like this that dignifies and elevates several journals.

***

The Alpha Epsilon Pi Record, from Forest Glen, has a happy faculty of judiciously mingling the light and gay with the solid and instructive. The April number is a veritable storehouse of literary sweets. Portia as a lawyer is a thorough analysis of this beautiful creation of the myriad minded one. Moderation is generally rare in school criticism. Excessive praise or violent censure are the scylla and charybdis of the young critic. The author of "The Kentuckians" has happily avoided

oth, and as a result has presented an excellent and thoughtful criticism, the fairness of which cannot but appeal to all. The short stories are of an excellent quality, clever in plot and artistic in denouement. The verse is not all that could be desired. It is metrical and musical rather than imaginative.

***

WALTERS' musical occupy the major part of the May *Lesbian Herald*. The biographies are charmingly written, and their composition was evidently a labor of love. A little variety would improve *The Lesbian*.

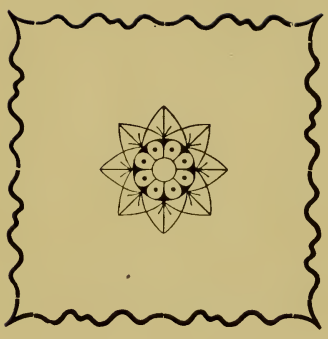
***

The Santa Maria is a bright and interesting little journal whose contents we always scan with a great deal of pleasure. The editors seem to realize their capabilities, and never attempt to deal with subjects which they are unable to handle. In reading the present number we were surprised and delighted to find an extract from a discourse on Bishop Dubois delivered by our Old Mountain president, Dr. McCaffery.

The Stylus for April presents an array of articles in prose and verse, whose equal in literary worth would be difficult to find. From cover to cover it is solidly literary. Religion and art at once attracted our attention with its correct and elegant treatment of the subject. Cardinal Newman's poetry is the most thorough and most literary critique of a great poet it has been our fortune to meet. The poetry in the present issue is of a high order of merit. "A Song of The Mountain Flood" impressed us. From the graceful and musical flow of its exquisite lines there breathes that strong, manly love for nature which always distinguishes the true poet. We would except much from one who has his ear so delicately attuned to all the harmonies of nature as the author of "A Song of The Mountain Flood."

***

"THE GOD OF NATURE" in the April number of *The De La Salle* is a splendid effort. Poets and poetry gives evidence of a refined and cultivated literary taste, and displays a wide and far reaching knowledge of the poetry of our language.



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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

EMMITSBURG, MD.

THIS Institution, for the education of young ladies, was established in 1809, and incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland in 1816. It is directed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

St. Joseph's is situated at the base of the Blue Ridge, in a valley noted for the picturesque beauty of its scenery and for the salubrity of its climate. The buildings, spacious and commodious, are provided with all modern improvements—steam, gas, and an abundant supply of water.

The lawns of the extensive and well-shaded playground are furnished with Croquet and Tennis sets. Calisthenics and games of various sorts afford opportunity for physical training within doors. The spacious playroom presents a most attractive appearance, a prominent feature being an excellent piano, affording inexhaustible amusement.

The plan of instruction embraces a thorough and complete course in English. The modern languages are also taught. The pupils have at their command a Library, an Observatory with Telescope, Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, with the advantage of monthly lectures and experiments by an able Professor. Special attention is paid to Music, both Vocal and Instrumental; also to the Art Department.

The proximity of Mt. St. Mary's College and St. Joseph's Academy is a great advantage and convenience for parents and guardians, as the same visit will answer for the Annual Commencement at the college, and for that at the Academy; moreover brothers will enjoy the privilege of visiting their sisters during the scholastic year.

Letters of inquiry must be addressed to the superioress,

St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Frederick Co., Md.

Mount St. Mary's College,

NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

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